

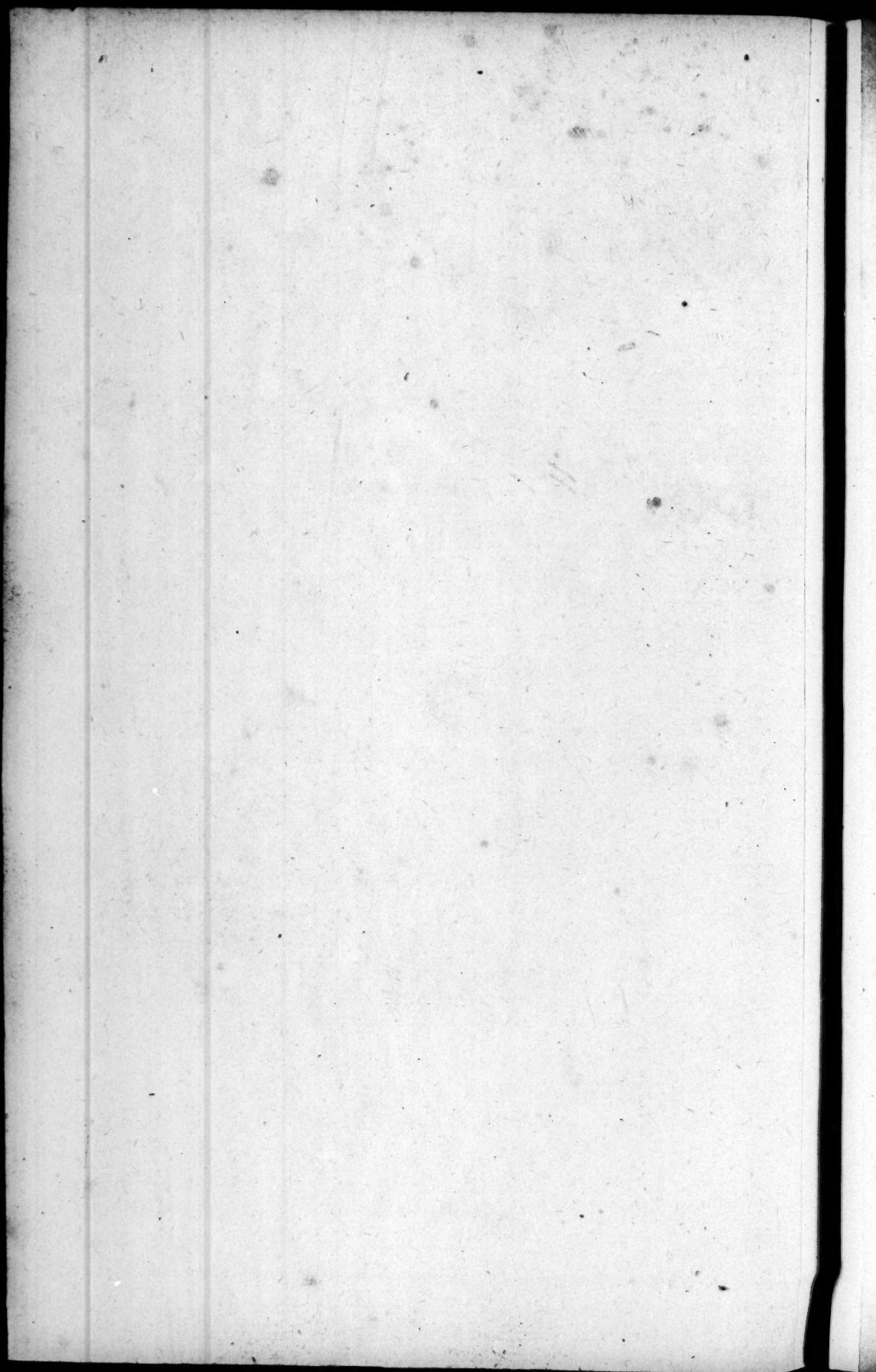
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THE
CONTEST
BEING A
COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF THE
CONTROVERSIAL PAPERS,
INCLUDING
POEMS AND SONGS,
PUBLISHED DURING THE
CONTESTED ELECTION
FOR THE
CITY OF DURHAM,
IN MARCH, 1800.



DURHAM:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY G. WALKER, SADLER STREET



T H E
C O N T E S T.

To the Freemen of the City of Durham.

Gentlemen,

UPON an occasion like the present, it is the privilege (and perhaps the duty) of every individual, not only to act according to the dictates of his own conscience, but to express, openly and candidly, the motives of his conduct. We are called upon to elect a representative of our city, in the room of an honourable baronet, who has vacated his seat; and in so doing, our choice is confined to one of two gentlemen, who are candidates for our favour.

The city of Durham has been for some years represented in parliament by members of the respective families of Lambton and Tempest. Their stability in the representation has been great; for in very severe contests, their interest has ever been prevalent. On the death of the late Mr. Tempest without issue, his name and property (under strict limitation) descended to Sir Henry Vane; and that gentleman was unanimously elected (in his absence) as the successor to his seat in parliament, which, as it were, went hand in hand with the name and estate. Shortly afterwards happened the premature death of the late Mr Lambton; and his brother, the present member, Mr R. J. Lambton, slid unopposed into the vacant representation: Sir Henry Vane now leaves us, and he calls upon us to transfer our confidence to his brother-in-law, Mr Michael Angelo Taylor.

In considering whether that call ought to be obeyed, we are first to examine whether Sir Henry has a right to make it: secondly, whether his transfer of his place among us be judiciously made to the party proposed by him: and thirdly, whether a more eligible alternative be offered to us, in the event of our declining to be represented by Mr Taylor.

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The confidence of this city was well placed in the families of Lambton and Tempest: Those families rose from stations of mediocrity to great opulence and splendour, by the continued application, integrity, and intellectual vigour of their several heads; and the business and interests of Durham were as carefully attended to in those times, as the individual business and interests of those families respectively: The cause then of our entrusting the representation to Lambton and Tempest continuing, it's effect also continued; and I think we should have been guilty of gross ingratitude had we sought out for any other protectors, while the ability and good-will of our old members remained. There is indeed a sort of veneration attached to long connection; and even had we felt any little relaxation of attention on the part of a *Lambton* or a *Tempest*, the strong measure of quarrelling with such old friends should not have been adopted without very serious reflection. But I do not see that this tie is to be continued from affinity to affinity, through every link and modification of alliance; it is not to extend through all the female intermarriages, nor can we consider ourselves as so bound by former good offices on the part of either of these families, as to think our franchises part of their personal property, and bequeathable by will, like the pictures of their ancestors. The name and family of Lambton still exists; the member of that family now enjoying our confidence, rests on the merits of his forefathers: He is not actively bad, though he cannot be thought an actively good member of parliament. He professes to keep the seat warm till the eldest son of his late eloquent brother shall be legally able to fill it. In the interim, our weight and consequence, as far as it is grounded on the vigilance of a Lambton representative, is in abeyance. We submit to the supineness of Mr R. Lambton, because he is a lineal descendent of those whom we respected, and because from the continuance of the family we look for a regeneration of it's attention to this city. But the case is otherwise with Sir Henry Vane; loved and honoured as his uncle was, an immediate scrutiny into his individual merits would not perhaps have become us on that gentleman's decease; and our sanguine reception of him, at that time, I am afraid blackens the conduct by which it has been his pleasure to return it. A series of personal incivility and public neglect has marked Sir Henry Vane's intercourse with Durham; and the ungrateful indifference with which he has played at bo-peep with the name he should have adored, (bandying it from one
end

end of his signature to the other with less respect than he would shew in moving a gelding from the wheel to the lead, and from the lead back again to the wheel, as might suit his convenience); Such an utter disclaiming of all dependence on Mr Tempest's weight and popular character, makes it unnecessary for me to shew, that every bond between this city and the Tempest family was dissolved by the death of Sir Henry's uncle. We elected Sir Henry under the twilight of it's influence; and a cold night of indifference, apathy, and mutual contempt, followed speedily after that election was concluded. If such then was our connection with Sir Henry Vane before his resignation, with what claim can he now call upon us to sanction his making over to another person the seat, for which he was indebted to our hope, and not our trial, of his good qualities? When he became our representative, he became our trustee; and the trust was to be executed by sedulously promoting our local good, and strictly discharging his parliamentary duties. Need I observe, that Sir Henry has been attentive to no one thing belonging to us but our cockpit? And that his face is scarcely known by the door-keepers of the House of Commons?

Admitting, however, for a moment, that the spirit of a Tempest interest yet survived, and that this man had a right to expect our compliance with his nomination, let us in the second place examine whether or not Mr Michael Angelo Taylor be a proper person on whom to delegate the charge of our representation. If the duties of a representative be as I have above observed, of a double nature, if they relate to attention to local as well as to public concerns, I am afraid Mr Taylor is not entitled to our confidence in either respect: He has no connexion with Durham; he has no property, no place of residence, no intimacy, no acquaintance in the county. I cannot suppose he will ground his pretensions on his marriage with the daughter of a late prebendary; if so, Mrs Taylor is to be our representative, and it is under her auspicious vigilance that our consequence is to increase, our commerce to flourish, and our conveniences to be fostered. Mr Taylor is to be the puppet whom we must chair, but his wife is to be the object of our choice. This is a plea too ridiculous to be urged; nor is the pompous *promise* of this candidate, that *he will reside* among us during every recess, to be more relied on. Is it customary to lend money when the borrower *promises* to give security *after* the loan is effected? Or,

to go further, are the qualities of Mr Taylor of a nature so transcendent, that we are to prefer the expectancy of an honour from his residence in Durham, to the certainty of an intercourse with some old acquaintance.

How then stands Mr Taylor's claim on the basis of his public conduct? There are probably among the freemen to whom I address myself, gentlemen whose sentiments incline towards ministry; gentlemen also who think with opposition. Now the first description of freemen need not be told, that Mr M. A. Taylor has been, since the commencement of the present war, a steady and a teasing opposer of every measure which his Majesty's ministers have thought expedient for external defence, or internal safety; and has been so unfortunate in his choice of friends, as to appear in a court of justice to give evidence of the constitutional sentiments of a person who has since avowed himself a traitor. In short, nothing has prevented Mr Taylor's being an actual impediment to the proceedings of administration, but the inadequacy of his talents. If on this account Mr Taylor is obnoxious to the friends of administration, unluckily for him, it can give no founded confidence in him to those who, like him, favour opposition; for what reliance can be placed on one who changes his political principles from private spleen, and hugs to his heart those whom, to the utmost of his poor power, he had reprobated, to indulge the little workings of disappointed vanity? The early part of Mr Taylor's political career was under the auspices of Mr Pitt; and had his abilities been such as would have warranted that minister in distinguishing him, he never would have had recourse to those benches, where the thinness of the ranks makes every insignificant individual a conspicuous figure.

Such is the person who is held out to you as the fit successor of Sir Henry Vane; fit, indeed, to succeed Sir Henry Vane, if any one. But you are not, gentlemen, reduced to the acceptance of such a representative; a member is offered to you, who unites in himself all the qualities by which the families of Lambton and Tempest were introduced into the representation of this city, and by which they so long maintained a well-founded influence among us:—Major Russell is bound to us by an union of interests; for I will, for the sake of argument, suppose, that his inclination would not, without some other stimulus, impel him to attend to the concerns of Durham. The personal as well as the real property of Major Russell, and of his father, is so situated,

ted, that in it's welfare, or it's depreciation, this city must participate; and I will add, that it is of a magnitude which will add greatly to the weight resulting from his excellent character, and enable him, both in this county and throughout England, to attend to our individual as well as our general advantage. Inured from infancy to business, the complicated interests of our corporation, of our coal-trade, and of our manufactures, will be rapidly dispatched by him, and acquire a degree of perspicuity from his unembarrassed arrangement: And what to the mere man of pleasure would press like insupportable toil, will not be felt as an inconvenience by one whose youth has been passed in activity and business. Gentlemen, Major Russell now stands before you in the same situation precisely, which attracted your first regards to Lambton and Tempest; his opulence puts him beyond a question of bias or dependence; his character, public and private, is marked with the respect of the public, and the esteem of those who personally know him; His knowledge of business, as it were, hereditary; his attachment to the government of this country, and it's dearest interests, proved and manifest, from his seven years labours as a military officer. He is your neighbour, he is your friend; put him in a situation to be your benefactor.

A Freeman.



*To the worthy and independent Freemen of the
City of Durham.*

Gentlemen,

IT is the present boast of Englishmen that they are governed by laws made by deputies freely elected by themselves. I congratulate you with the most heartfelt satisfaction on having it in your power at the present momentous period, to verify this boast; to make a choice, a privilege which for years has been denied you; and I trust that your decision will be such as will evidently shew that you were disposed to make such an use of the important trust wisely placed in your hands by the constitution, as will do honour to yourselves, and be of evident advantage to your country. I shall state to you what reasons induced me to think one of the candidates entitled to your support in preference to the other; I am induced to intrude upon you the sentiments of an individual, by the reflection that I have, with yourselves, a common interest
in

in the judicious use of the privilege you are now called upon to exercise; a privilege which involves in it the existence of our liberties, the welfare of our country, and every thing that is dear to an Englishman.

If the chiefs of ancient families that had once been deservedly the object of your choice as representatives in parliament, could, along with their estates bequeath to their successors their wisdom in council, their talents in business, and their affection for your interests, the power of election which you possess (so long as an heir could be found to their possessions) need never to have been exercised, provided those heirs acquiesced in the burthen that had been considered as honourable by their ancestors; If, when weary of the situation to which your attachment had raised him, he could at will, by a kind of magic, convey at pleasure his mental endowments and the qualities of his heart to a deputy, or could by divination discover either in or out of his own family where similar properties were to be found, it need never to have been exercised again.

But as the properties requisite in a representative are incommunicable, as the son of a man of understanding and integrity may be a blockhead and a knave, it is highly requisite that you should examine the worth and pretensions of him who is a candidate for your approbation. The power is placed in your hands, and you are surely better able to decide for yourselves than any former member is to determine for you.

Has your former representative, upon his resignation, left you to your free unbiassed choice? Or has he shewn an intimation to dispose of you as of any other kind of absolute property, to make such an arrangement of you as that when disappointed by the ill-success of an attempt elsewhere, he might retain the power of returning to the situation his caprice now relinquishes? A situation, which I am proud to say is honourable, although he has thought proper to desert it.

The candidates are Mr Taylor and Major Russell, if either of them comes before you under the circumstances I have stated, I hope he will experience your speedy rejection, if neither of them, they so far are upon an equal footing; and it will be expedient to examine the pretensions upon which each may ground his hopes for your favour.

The merits of Mr Taylor, may, it is true, be very great; but the city of Durham is at such a distance from either his posses-
sions

frons or his usual place of abode, that we are just as capable of judging of the private character of the Great Mogul, or of any other foreigner, as of his: In his political one, we know him only by having seen his name in the papers, and by his constant opposition to the measures of those, who have so wisely conducted the helm of our government in a storm that has shattered many of the state vessels of this quarter of the world. I should be liberal of his praises if I knew him deserving of them, but I know nothing further of him than he is a Barrister, and I apprehend my fellow voters know no more of him than myself.

Of Major Russell I need not say much, he is a man born amongst us; a man whom we know to be *independent*; with whose disposition and habits we are well acquainted; who has for the greatest part of his life (except when absent in the service and defence of his king and country) had the merit of living amongst us; a merit which is as yet only the subject of Mr Taylor's promises. You cannot be unacquainted with the Major's character; his habitual goodness deserves the highest eulogium I can bestow upon it: But I fear this may be deemed the language of adulation, and lest it should, instead of saying more in his favor, I shall refer such of you as are less acquainted with his worth than myself to our brother freemen who have served under him, and I doubt not but their report, together with the strictest examination of his character, will induce you to return him in preference to Mr Taylor, with whose worth (whatever it may be) you are not acquainted.

To see *you act thus independently*, to see the corporation of Durham resume it's former respectability, and to see a member returned by you, who, if he does not justify your choice, by rendering every service in his power to his country and his constituents, will belie the whole tenor of his former life, is the highest wish of (not a nominal,) but

A real Freeman of the City of Durham.

Now or Never.

AN old Freeman anxious for the *Independence* of the electors of the city of Durham, wishes to ask them two questions,—

Do you mean to be *Slaves*; or do you wish to be *Free*?—

If the former, vote for *Taylor*.—

If the latter, vote for *Russell*— the man who has stood for—

ward to support your rights and to rescue you from that yoke under which you have *too long* groaned.—

If you do not seize the present moment you are lost for ever.—

An old Freeman,

Lost or Mislaid,

SEVERAL Castle understandings, whoever has found them, and will return them to Major Russell's committee, they will be handsomely rewarded, the committee being in great want of them. by order of the said committee,

March 5.

Tom Titmouse, Clerk.

Lost or Mislaid,

THE respectfulness of Mr Taylor's committee, respectively.

March 6.

Advertisement.

WHEREAS it is necessary that in the fabrication of hand bills, addresses, &c. &c. some attention should be paid to the grammar, sense and wording thereof; and whereas it has been found by the committee, which Mr Taylor finds it necessary to employ in conducting the literary part of his canvas, that the *intelligent and active person* now entrusted by that committee in such department, is not sufficiently acquainted with the principles of spelling and the true meaning of the words most generally used to execute his office, with credit to the said committee or to himself. Notice is hereby given, that any person who can *write English*, will receive the greatest encouragement on applying to Mr Dicky Babble, clerk to the committee, who on the appointment of a successor in that situation will retire on a pension.

March 6.

Stubborn Facts; or, Truth Triumphant!

Bow-Lane, March 7.

RECEIVED of the constituents of the city of Durham, their hearty and unfeigned *disapprobation*, of my *Free and Independent* conduct in the interest of a Taylor!

In *Vane* the *Tempest* storms!

He cannot stifle his gigantic woe;

Nor on his raging grief, a muzzle throw!

To be Sold by proposal, the next presentations to the livings of St. Nicholas, and St. Giles',

In or near the city of Durham.

PROPOSALS in writing, sealed up, will be received by Mr Taylor's committee.—A report having been industriously circulated that the above presentations have been already disposed of to four different Gentlemen; as such a report may tend very much to the prejudice of the sale, the committee deem it incumbent on them to declare that *it has not the least foundation in truth.*

March, 7:

To be Sold or Let!

St Mary-le-bow Church, at a reasonable price, the present proprietor having resigned, in expectation of being employed in the capacity of a journeyman to a *Taylor* to learn to *turn Coats.*

March 7.

To the worthy and independent Freemen of the city of Durham.

Gentlemen.

THE day of election is approaching; consider seriously what you are about to do; do not by a hasty decision forfeit a character that you are desirous of preserving, and which actual circumstances call upon you to maintain with unanimity; let not factions divide *you*; let not specious arguments mislead you; and let your good understanding guard you against the dangerous influence of the country Gentlemen; it may be their interest to purchase you, but it cannot be yours to be bought:

Have not many of you heard some Gentlemen in Durham reprobate hereditary distinctions and powers? I am sure you have; nevertheless those gentlemen are now inviting you to entail the perpetuity of the representation of this city in Parliament upon two families; thus, for ever to deprive you of the liberty of choice; this they boldly assert is patriotism and independence. If a seat in the house of commons be filled for a series of years by one person, let it be the reward of merit; this will ensure the independence of the elector, and prove the integrity of the representative.

C

You

You are now called upon to assert your Independence, and to decide whether or no a most insulting attempt is not made to deprive you of it: Has not your late Member, Sir H. T. V. come upon you in the most clandestine manner, and done his utmost to enforce upon you his Brother-in-law, Mr. Taylor? Have you not declared that you would support a third Man? Did not a considerable Majority of you solicit *Matthew Russell, Esq.* to come forward? Were not your solicitations earnest and repeated? *Mr M. Russell* is a Man of an unimpeached character, and from many local circumstances is more eligible to represent you in parliament, than Mr Taylor.

—Finally, Gentlemen, you are to consider this contest as an Attempt to force *Mr Taylor* upon you: And that *Mr Russell* has been invited to the representation by a majority of you; if the former be elected, you will announce you disgrace,—if the latter your independence.

March 8

Amicus.

An Irish Expedition.

A Certain Baronet, of English extraction; lately took a trip to Ireland, to see what Fun was going on there. On his return to England, he declared that he liked the Paddies so well that he would *leave his native country, and forsake even his best friends*, to associate with the Hibernians. A particular Friend of the Baronet, being very much grieved at his intended departure (for many cogent reasons) begged to know the cause of his deserting *Old England*.—The Baronet answered, that in England he was continually plagued by a set of *Brutes*, commonly called *Durham Freeman*.—That in Ireland he could live without ever being once tormented by *such a base Crew*; and that he was determined to spend the remainder of his days in that *peaceable and happy Country*.—His friend endeavoured to prevail upon him to abandon his resolution, but persuasion was in vain. —The Baronet returned to Ireland, but after remaining a few months amongst the Paddies, he took it into his head (for he was very often hipped) that *Irish Air* did not agree with his constitution, and he felt himself *so much indisposed*, that it was deemed absolutely necessary that a *Physician* should be called in to his assistance.—The Physician attended, and after *feeling his pulse*, and asking him many *grave questions*, as to his *temperate mode of living, &c. &c.* declared him to be in *very great danger*,

ger, and ordered him some phyfic.—The Baronet took the phyfic, but (lamentable to relate) it had not the desired effect; for it threw him into a high fever, and he shortly afterward expired.—But before his senses had deserted him altogether, he was heard to say, in a penitent tone of voice,—“I was well—I wished to be better—I have taken phyfic;—and now must die.”

March 8,

Irish expedition, and back again!

IT is true that a certain Baronet took a trip to Ireland, and liked Paddy Whack very well as usual, but when he returned, what did he do? Why they say he applied to his friend the M——r to be a united Lord in the English Irish Parliament. Immediately he hastened to take leave of his favourite City, and thus in truth addressed the worthy and independent Freemen.—“I am sorry to leave you, though I prefer Irish connections. “My private services in your City are well known, my public “ones have not occupied much of my time but if I have done “any thing, it has either been for the war or I did not care whether there was any war or not. However I do not much regret “leaving you, because my Brother-in-law will offer himself, “and you will chuse him of course, though he has always acted “in direct opposition to my own political conduct: But for fear “you should not, I will take you my worthy friends by surprize “in my gallop (for I am only come a hunting) by town and “country Interest, by threats and promises will cram down your “throats and force you to call to the chair, an independant, “disinterested Taylor!!!”

Freemen of Durham, such insulting language and conduct should determine you to shake off the yoke of borough interest, and vote for *Russell*, for *independence*, for an open free choice,

March 9,

Plain Truth.

A Hint for the Cock Pit.

A FABLE.

A *Vane Bantam* had long domineered over the timid inhabitants of his walk. The geese and fowls were awed into silence by the fury of his Attacks. Intoxicated by the success of his assumed superiority, he began to disdain such ignoble conquests, and aimed at more extended dominion. He sailed forth from

the precincts of his little domain, big with expectation. He challenged the world; he stretched his little throat; he clapped his wings; he assailed with assurance a bird of high rank and superior virtue. He fell the victim of conceit and folly, and in his dying breath was heard to exclaim, "Alas! too late I find that I am but a *chicken* in the fight."

MORAL. A *Vane* man who attempts what he has not abilities to perform, becomes ridiculous and contemptible.

The Jew and the Weathercock.

A Fragment.

—NOW the men of Dunholme had a fortress, which had been built by their fore-fathers, for the defence of their freedom.

And it came to pass in those days, that they set up a *Vane* on the highest turret thereof, to point out the course of the winds, and *to be guided by the direction of the Tempest.*

But the workman had formed it of *base metal*, yea, even such as was only fit for the top of a *Stable*.

And, being *too light* for the height whereon it was placed, it was moved by the slightest Blast, and veered about, even to every point of the compass; and lo! it was very unsteady.

And so it happened that a sudden gust loosened the pin whereon it was fastened, and it was borne away to a distant coast, even unto a far country called Ireland.

Now it came to pass that a certain *wandering Jew*, who was a *Taylor*, had a *Vane* in his possession, composed of the same materials as the *former one*.

And he said, I will go to this city, and *steal* into their fortress, and I will set up my weathercock, decked with the cuttings of my trade, and thus I shall rule over them.

But when the men, even the men of Dunholme, saw this, they were very wroth, and they said, shall we bow to a king of shreds and patches?

And they hastened, and dispatched messengers unto the place where their armour was deposited, and they said bring from thence a choice flag, to fix on our fortress.

And the messengers went and returned with speed; and lo! they brought a royal standard, which had been stationed in the *Camp*, and had inspired the soldiers with Courage in the hour of danger.

Yea,

Yea, many had reposed under it's shade, and had been sheltered from the wet, and from the cold, by it's protection.

And when the men of Dunholme beheld this ensign, they lifted up their voices and shouted for joy!

Now the men were *independent*; and they spurned the Taylor from them, so that he was dismayed at their courage, and he trembled, and was fore afraid.—

March 13.

Honourable Employment.

Notice to those who are ambitious of Political Situations.

Luci bonus odor ex re qualibet.

"THE office of TAYLOR to the OPPOSITION, it is confidently said, is about to become vacant, in consequence of the manner in which that officer has lately been paid off by one of the party. As this gentleman is remarkable for "managing" so well as not to pay off any body besides, it is thought the *Taylor* is in the right to resent the sort of insinuation directed against his credit. It has even been asserted, that if he were to make his election, he would sooner turn his own coat than continue any longer to piece and botch the rags of people who have treated him with as little ceremony, as if he were no better than his own goose."*

Further particulars, as to the nature of the service, &c. of the above office, may be known on application to the Committee of the W——g Club, at the sign of the Chicken, (animal implume, bipes) near Drury Lane Theatre, London, by letter, post paid, as the funds of the Club are very low, in consequence of the expence incurred at a late trial in K——t, and on other similar patriotic occasions.

RUSSELL, conveyed to the hullings by the hearts of the people on the wings of love, huzza!—Taylor, escorted by an host of constables, in silence,—Mum.

March 13.

To the indepent Freemen of the City of Durham.

"Thou tail of worship that dost grow

"On Rump of Justice as of Cow.

"Dulness and deformity are in themselves objects of pity, not of censure; but when they pretend to the sprightliness of wit, and the charms of beauty, deserve, and should receive the lash of Satire."

Thy

* See the Times, 13th March, 1800.

Thy stomach Durham is it then so sick,
That nought will serve thee but a PAP-SOFT-CHICK?

THE attempt of the friends of Mr M. A. T. to procure that gentleman's return, as a representative of the city of Durham, must excite the surprise of grave and sensible freemen. That surprise would perhaps be accompanied with a contemptuous smile at the *honour* conferred on the *electors*, by the nomination of a candidate so highly, so conspicuously *eligible*. There are, however, times when intrinsic insignificance acquires a factitious and troublesome consequence, from the perseverance of it's efforts, and the clamour of it's Partizans. On such occasions, personal animadversion, instead of being reprehensible, becomes a fair weapon for castigation; and the critical severity which, in literature, would disdain to break a butterfly on *the wheel*, may be meritorious in crushing a strange insect, whose impertinent buzz disturbs the political tranquility of an ancient and honourable city. The pretensions of Mr M. A. T. and the public conduct of his relation, Sir H. V. T. were fully investigated in an address to the freemen of Durham, in the Newcastle Courant of last saturday; that address is one of the most masterly specimens of election composition that has appeared since the days of Addison and Steele, to either of whom it might, without discredit, be ascribed with equal truth, eloquence, and argument. It exposes the preposterous measure of setting up a candidate, unconnected with the city, ridiculed both by his friends and opponents, and deriving his support of the present canvas, from the very quarter from which every species of *neglect* and *ingratitude* has been experienced by the city of Durham. After such a candid and able exposition of Mr M. A. T's merits, and those of his supporter, it would be an insult to suppose that the Freemen of Durham, can be induced to involve themselves and their city in the *ridiculous* disgrace which must obviously follow the election of the *itinerant* gentleman in question; on the contrary, the *character*, the honourably acquired *wealth*, the *liberality*, the *residence* of MAJOR RUSSELL, point out a contrast too strong, not to influence the choice of men who profess common sense, and who have any solicitude to preserve unimpaired their antient and valuable *franchises*.

March 14,

THE pains and agonies of a dying man, well displayed by the disappointed *Taylor* turned mountebank.

March 14.

*To the worthy Freemen of the city of Darham.**Gentlemen,*

YOUR attention was occupied a considerable length of time at the hustings on tuesday last, by the declamatory abilities of *Mr M. A. Taylor*; his speech replete with prevarication and insult, was meant to mislead you: The frequent ungentleman-like attacks that he has made on *Mr Russell* or his agents, on each day of the poll, call upon you to defend characters that have been unwarrantably accused.

Can *Mr Taylor* after serious reflection, suppose that by such language and conduct, he is likely to conciliate the good opinion of the public, but more particularly of the freemen of this city? Will he suppose because he is violently passionate and vociferous, that he can command respect and support? Does he imagine that his behaviour on this occasion is that of a Gentleman? It may be deemed such by his friends the powerless baronets and country esquires; but the untutored rabble, as he and his associates stile *Mr Russell's* friends, are not thus to be wheedled into a belief of his infallibility.

There are several parts in his declamations to which I could refer you, but what more immediately concerns your welfare and independence, shall be the subject of my observations.

Did not *Mr Taylor* dwell a considerable time on the word alien? Did he explain to you what is meant by the word alien? Did he convince you that he is not alien? No: He told you that his father acquired an immense fortune in an honourable profession, and had preserved his character immaculate; that he *Mr M. A. Taylor*, had inherited his father's fortune, which he will be happy to devote to your services, (gentlemen, believe it not) that like his father, he is respected by all classes and by all parties of men; gentlemen, you know the contrary, for in the political world he is not respected by either party, and it is in that point of view solely that you are now to consider him. Can you then decide to return a man of that description to represent you in parliament? Still he tells you, gentlemen, that he must be the object of your choice, because he is no alien; because he inherited his father's honestly-acquired fortune; because he married the daughter of a prebendary of Durham; because his friends the country gentlemen are inclined to favour him; and lastly, gentlemen, because he vacated a borough (for which he

has

has been paid) purposely to offer himself as a candidate to fill a much more respectable seat in parliament: Now, gentlemen, is a man's fortune to entitle him to your support without any other claim? Does the admirable *Mrs Taylor* excite in your generous bosoms a desire to shew your gratitude for her ancestors? Ought the country gentlemen to have any undue influence amongst you? What have they done for you that can bias your minds in the least? *Sir John Eden* is the only man amongst them that is active and vigilant for the public good; let therefore these gentlemen feel their insignificance by asserting your rights in this struggle to deprive you of them. Did you invite *Mr Taylor* to vacate his borough under any promise to support him here? If you did, it would be ungenerous to reject him: but no, he was forced upon you in an unfair manner, by his *weeping Brother-in-law*.

Gentlemen, do you believe that those were tears of gratitude? Do you believe that the baronet was touched with true sympathetic woe, and over come by a heartfelt regret in leaving you? A man that weeps not for the ill he does in society, will not easily shed a tear at parting with those for whom he has never had the least concern.

But to return to *Mr TAYLOR*, who, vainly expatiating on the word alien; he tells you what your neighbour ought to do: He tells you to ask *Mr Russell* if he follows the example of the good man;—he does, I know it well; but he does it not in an ostentatious manner, by giving five shillings each to a class of men from whom he expects a far more than adequate return. Let *Mr Taylor* go into the humble cottages of the extensive parish of Brancepath, and he will there learn, to his utter confusion, that he has insulted a liberal mind. *Mr Russell's* liberality is extended far and near: His worthy son, *Mr Taylor's* opponent, is too well known amongst you that I should add any thing more to his benevolent, humane disposition; he is one of your own children, treat him as you ought to do, and he will serve you with zeal and fidelity.

PROBITAS.

N. B. A learned old gentlewoman residing in New Elvet, says, you are to elect *Mr Taylor*, because he is to retain the seat for *Sir H. V. Tempest's* unborn son.

March 14.



RUSSELL and INDEPENDENCE!

COME hither, Durham Freemen all,
And list awhile to Freedom's call;
Slav'ry's bands we'll break afunder,
This the world shall see, and wonder!

Our Liberties, my boys, you know,
Have, for these *three score years*, or so,
Been handed round for filthy gold,
As cattle in the market sold!

The lawyer read the statutes o'er,
(The common law he knew before)
And that assignments had been made,
He found had been their constant trade.

Quoth he, " My title's good in law,
" In it no man can find a flaw,
" Sixty years is *nullum tempus* clear,
" Beyond which I can have nought to fear!"

But we, my boys, are not afraid,
Nor by such doctrine will be led;
For *Magna Charta* made us free,
And time shall not destroy our Liberty.

Your virtue now must work the change,
Be firm and do not think it strange;
Since *Russel* to our aid is come,
Our slavery bury in the tomb!

With him then let us take true part;
And join him with both hand and heart;
Our Liberties his care shall guard,
Our faith shall be his sweet reward!

Then may success attend our cause,
And every Freeman, with applause,
In joy and triumph ever sing
To *Russel*, and *God* save the *King*!

*If the good Ship Russel does not outride the Tempest, we are
all sure to be shipwrecked in the Whirlpool of Taylor-Bay.*

By a Poor Freeman.

D

Te

*To the worthy and independent Freemen of the
City of Durham.*

EVEN Slaves' may be blest, though for *Taylor* we vote,
Since gratitude lightens our chain;
And "sixty years" favours stor'd up in our thought,
Must call for *one* favour again.

What does Liberty mean, when she sternly commands
Her friends to relinquish their choice;
Bids basest ingratitude tie up our hands,
And drowns in huzzaings our voice.

When *Lambton* and *Tempest* solicit your aid,
Can Freemen their interest refuse?
Or if by the love of your country you're sway'd,
Their Friend is the Man you must chuse.

A Freeman.

March 7.

The dying Chicken.

IN *Vane* the Doctor strives to save the Chicken,
But his case is too bad for any physician:
For Lord Thurlow* is shrewd, and foretold long ago
That to an *Old Cock* he never would grow.

* Lord Thurlow's Reply to Mr. Taylor's Speech in the House of Commons,
in which he called himself "but a CHICKEN in the Law."

TAYLOR.

Let Energy reign, and Disappointment rage,
Still *Taylor* proves the wonder of the age;
Triumphant Fame shall every step attend,
His King's best subject, and his Country's friend.

A Young Freeman.

Durham, March 5.

To the worthy Freemen of the City of Durham.

MY Worthies, with friendship let's now all unite
In favour of *Russell*, who is our delight;
May *Freemen* be free, not only in name,
But with a true spirit the same now proclaim.

Be

Be not bias'd by those who will afterwards fly,
But with heart and with voice let each Freeman comply;
For favours, once promis'd, should ne'er be recall'd,
Or the rights of a *Freeman* for ever are gall'd.

A Freeman.

SENTIMENT.

May the good Ship the Russell ride out the Tempest !!!
March 5.

To the worthy Freeman of the City of Durham.

" My Worthies, with friendship now let us unite,"
And never let *Russell* escape from our sight;
He would surely be lost, if permitted to roam,
Then, my friends, shew compassion, and keep him at home.
Nor need t'other Candidate have your ill will,
For you'll find proper places for both of them still:
Let *Taylor* protect all your interests abroad,
Make *Russell* Inspector of Sunderland Road.

SENTIMENT.

May your choice of a Russell be mended by a Taylor !!!

*On the present Choice of Members, to represent the
City of Durham.*

BEHOLD, for good reasons, *Sir Henry* retires,
Introduces a friend the nation admires;
Political truths he'll hold up to your view,
His heart and his word are constant and true;
Well skill'd in the rights of our realm's constitution,
Our charters upholding against prostitution.
This, this is the man that freemen should choose,
This, this is the man who your trust won't abuse.
He carries his canvas without any riot,
His friends are the friends both of peace and of quiet.
Should you choose him, his residence here he would place,
And your meaning and services never disgrace.
I scorn to defame the man who opposes,
Tho' his party rejoices in their bloody noses.
Remarkably famous for uproar and din,
They're most of them like *Milton's Death* or his *Sin*.

VERITAS.

May the Tempest beat down the Russell.

" TAYLOR carries his canvas without any riot,
 " His friends are the friends both of peace and of quiet,
 " And scorns to defame the man who opposes
 " Tho' his party rejoices in their bloody noses.
 " Remarkably famous for uproar and din,
 " They're most of them like Milton's Death or his Sin."

RUSSELL FOR EVER!

Brother Freeman,

WE are taxed with *riot*.—We are likened to the most odious and pernicious of all the inmates of Milton's Hell, — *Sin* and *Death*. The servile dregs of us, who would sell themselves their brethren, and their franchise, for ever, call us *rioters*, and falsely insinuate, that we make use of our superiority in numbers, to their bodily suffering. Freeman! let us recollect, that Calumny is the offspring of Despair. Their cause will be as ill supported by suffrage as it is by poetry.

March 6.

A Citizen of Durham.

TAYLOR FOR EVER!

To a person who signed himself A Citizen of Durham,

SIN and Death, Master Cit, you very well know,
 Like industrious dæmons rage here below.

A little poetry, most noble Citizen, has been known to elucidate and enliven a cause, when flat and false prose serve to mar it. Fairly and decently goes far in a day. Set a beggar on horse-back and he may break its neck against a cart.

With respect to bodily sufferings, it is not your black eyes nor your bloody noses, no, nor your *pretended* numbers will carry the day. The *lucidus ordo*, or, for your better intelligence, the method Mr. Taylor takes is not to be placed to your account.

No grim aspects or unfeeling expressions, no smiles or counter smiles, will alter the motives of *true Freeman*. Be just, and fear not: so, my friends, shall you be invincible.

March 10.

VERITAS.

To the worthy Freeman of the city of Durham,

HOW wit and genius help a man to bread!
 At reading this let———shake his head:
 With better skill he'd pension and promote,
 None eat with him, who cannot give a vote.

" Man

"Man proud man,
"Drest in a little brief authority
"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
"As make the Angels weep,—"

And thou Michael Angelo Taylor, dost thou
Expect to inherit what thy fair-promising
Kinsman cannot entail upon thee? Avaunt!
"If *Tempest* was once his country's pride,
"He's now no more, than *Tully*, or than *Hyde*!

"*Hic murus aheneus esto*

"*Hic conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa,—*"

March 7.

Integer.

To the Freemen of Durham.

GODDESS of dullness lend thy vot'ry aid
Thy darling *Russell* has a canvas made;
Awake, ye fair, support his drooping head,
And waft him to the poll on wings of lead.

Russell supporteth *Pitt*, from justice, not from whim
For nought but *Pitt*s have e'er supported him;
Taylor stands forth, your country's laws to guard,
And hopes your Suffrage, as his best Reward'

To the Dull Poet.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

HORAT.

WHY need the goddess to thy aid invoke,
When every line her favour'd child bespoke;
And each *brigh*t thought, each epithet declare,
Thee the dull goddess's peculiar care?

Ye slumb'ring fair, your utmost strength unite
To bear on "*leaden wings*" your *Russell*'s weight;
Tho' hard your task, yet heavier had it been,
Had the *Dull Poet* doom'd you to bear him.

March 8.

Freemen.

WHILE *Russell* supports *Pitt* and *Pitt*s support him
No fear need our bosoms invade:
For no harm can e'er happen from *malice* or *whim*,
If prosperous is our coal trade.

Ad

Ask your gentlemen then, your *Lambton* and *Vane*,
And others who've made a parade;
Were it not for *their Pits* how their horses they'd train?
Don't *their money* spring from the coal trade?
Then for *Russell* let's vote, his system's the plan,
To which freemen should give their best Aid:
And remember that none but the *ninth part of man*.
Can ever forget the *coal trade*.

March 8.

An Old Friend,

Poor Peter the Poet!

POOR Peter was a P——R, of *civil Law* was he;
But once he took it in his head, a poet for to be;
With poetry he list'd, by *malice* was he led,
But soon poor Peter and his verse were forc'd to go to bed,
March 8.

To the Freemen of the city of Durham:

ARE the friends of your late worthy member agreed?
Whether *Tempest* or *Vane* in his title preceede,
For he often thinks fit from their places to stir'em,
Is in London *T. Vane* is *V. Tempest* in Durham;
But which ever comes first, that both suit him, 'tis plain,
For his looks are true *Tempest*, his promises *Vane*.
March 10.

*The rise and fall of Man, or Billy the Pitman
blasted.*

UNFEELING Billy! fy! O fy!
Thus to desert thy native Sty,
And raise thyself upon another's fall!
Had providence it so ordain'd,
That *Ch-p--n's* purse had not been drain'd,
A Little House had now been *R-ff--l Hall*.
March 10.

*The rise and fall of Taylorian wit; or, the Tem-
pestuous Poet damned.*

MALICIOUS dreamer leave Parnassus' height,
For lo! a Dunhill courts thy sinful weight;

(The

(The native parent of thy foul abuse,)
 There write thy rhymes at *Angelo's* expence,
 Nor think to *Russell* they will give offence,
 For in his *Little-house* they'll be of use.

March 11.

Philip Fairplay.

Wipe for Wipe; or, Game against Dunghill.

FOH, nasty Phil! thus to belie thy name,
 And, 'stead of fair, to play so foul a game.—
 'Tis true a little House was nam'd—what then?
 Houses are necessaries for all men;—
 Or great, or little, matters not a pin,
 So man finds shelter from a rabble's din,
 Headed by foulplay, Brandy, Ale, and Gin.
 The dunghill's all thine own—sweet Phil, good night,
 'Twere sin to rob thee of paternal right,
 Or 'gainst a dunghill wage unequal fight.

March 13.

Tom Smoker, to Philip Playfair.

PHILIP thou wicked wit, I smoke thy fun,
 On *Russell* 'tis you mean your rigs to run,
 But I'll expose you, let your cunning loose,
 You mean if *Russell* from this place is beat,
 In his own *little House* he'll find a Seat,
 And there *Taylorian* paper be of use.

Now really Philip you are too severe,
 Give us fair fun, but no sarcastic sneer,
 A truce! let decency prevail,
 If *Matthew Russell* a'nt possessed of wit,
 Or if his head's too thick to harbour it,
 Why need you cram such crackers in his tail.

March 13.

What has been, may be again.

Courage!—'Tis rumour'd he's nought but *Vane's* tool,
 And was beaten before, lads,—at Pool.

Counting without the Host: a Dialogue.

My brother *Sir Harry*, you'll soon be a peer:—
 'Faith, *Micky*, not so, if we don't prosper here.

LOOK

LOOK before you LEAP.

Sir Robert rais'd castles with judgment and care,
But *Michael*, the son, builds castles in air.

A FLAW in the PEDIGREE.

By brick and mortar great *Sir Robert* rose,
From whose fam'd loins the little *Michael* flows.
He's more fit then, my lads, to carry the hod,
Than to look for us Freemen to be at his nod.

QUERE.

Which is most dirty work,—the hod to carry,
Or follow in the footsteps of *Sir Harry*?

March 11.

A new Profession for a ci-divant Major.

SINCE *Ruffell* has his profession left,
He must a new one find,
For idleness might enervate
The powers of the mind.
May some employment soon be found,
Lest indolence o'ertake him:
Let's see——Dumb folks can fortunes tell,
A *Fortune-teller* make him.

March 12.

*To the New-profession-monger, or lame Poet;
Yes, lame, I say—his hobbling numbers shew it.*

AN adage there is, in which all are agreed,
That "Talkers are often defective in deed."
Then why all this sneering, this nonsense and bustle,
Because of the silence of honest *Matt Ruffell*?
For sure he had better not open his mouth,
Than talk like a *Taylor*, regardless of truth.

March 13.

Philip Fairplay

No Profession for a would-be Colonel.

WHEN *Michael* found he gain'd no ground,
By charging judge and jury;
His courage grew, 'twas something new,
To charge the foe with fury.

For

For in debate he felt his weight
 Most grievously in *Vane*, Sir;
 And with the wit of Mr. Pitt
 He pitted his in *Vane*, Sir.

To raise, he went; a Regiment,
 Your Colonels have good picking;
 And then for rank—Ah, lucky prank!
 An Eagle for a Chicken.

Both young and old, full fast enroll'd,
 Proving right Yorkshire game, Sir;
 And *Michael's* friends, to gain their ends,
 Conceal'd their leader's name, Sir.

For well 'twas known, if that was blown;
 He sorely would miscarry;
 As soon he'd note a Freeman's vote
 Without his prop *Sir Harry*.

By some mishap, the sorry trap
 Was op'd, and in a trice, Sir;
 The lads so bold, flew off as cold,
 As from a cat the mice, Sir.

They swore right hard, they'd not be scar'd
 To face or fight old Nick, Sir;
 But that was meat, delicious sweet,
 To serving under *Mick*, Sir.

Ye worthy men, for *Russell* then
 Ne'er let your zeal grow weaker;
 Let *Taylor* speak, and storm a week,
He cannot still be Speaker.

The TAYLOR's ADDRESS, &c.

IN the city of Durham, by call of the Mayor,
 Did the Freeman to full convocation repair;
 When amidst a most glorious confusion of throats,
Michael Angelo offer'd himself to their votes.

“ I am no alien : alien ! no, not I.

“ I am no phoenix, falling from the sky.

“ I marry'd Mr. *Tempest's* sister's daughter,

“ (To bear my little name have I not taught her?)

E

“ I

" I had a father too, and such an one!
 " Papa, *Sir Robert*!—were I set upon
 " Great Onslow's cushion, my first boast should be
 " That I'm begotten, as I was, by thee.
 " In my opponent you a neighbour find;
 " I'll be your neighbour, if you have a mind:
 " The *sick Samaritan*, upon the road,
 " Calls him your neighbour who will do you good.

" And such am I:
 " Do, then, but try;
 " Only for once elect me:
 " If I don't prove
 " How much I love
 " Your int'rest, then reject me.

" 'Tis hard to cope with one whose father nurses
 " The very Brobdignag of British purses."

Thus crow'd little Bantam, and crow'd it amain,
 Because t'other gamecock would not crow again.

Now I can't for my soul guess the cause of this fuss,
 Why he talks of his purse, of his father, and wife;
 What is now *Tempest Vane*, or *Vane Tempest* to us?
 The power of his uncle expir'd with his life.

Tom Bowes in court did not, I think, appear:
 Wife lad, to take advice; for, as I hear,
 One night his conscience, as he slept, arose,
 And, with harsh finger, pluck'd him by the nose;
 The wicked wight dispers'd his visions gay,
 And thus in form of spectre seem'd to say:—

" Tommy, Tommy, it is sinful
 " To support a Jacobin, full
 " Of hatred to Pitt and taxation:
 " You must therefore now endure me,
 " My strait-jacket soon will cure ye;
 " Prefer not your friend to the nation."

A direful mishap
 Tore off the coat lap
 Of Tom Wilkinson; while, most discreetly

He

He sneak'd thro' the mob,
And was watching his fob,
'Faith, the sylph touch'd his pocket completely.

Sir Henry Vane Tempest, who seem'd to be sick,
Must in eloquence yield to his friend babbling Dick :
For of Dicky's abilities all are agreed,
And perhaps he had written what *Vane* could not read.

In thee, O *Harry*, pray attend ;
Silence shews orthodoxy ;
To Bobby Waugh do recommend,
When he must speak, a *proxy*.

Such silly supports cannot strengthen a cause,
They'd appear, in a good one, like so many flaws.
Then, ye Freeman, come forward, your sentiments shew,
Independence and loyalty long may ye know :
Let not *tallies* of *Tempests*, now laid in their graves,
Inveigle your votes as the service of slaves.

With due firmness preserve in election your right,
And with bold British ardour your Freedom maintain ;
And you soon will be able to laugh at the sight
Of a *Taylor* bestriding a *Tempest*—in *Vane*.

March 14.



NOW pray *Matty Russell*,
Why make all this bustle,
With Clarinet, Fiddle and Drum ;
Must you hire men and Boys,
To make a great noise,
Because, poor *Matty*, you're dumb.

You'd a senator be,
But what is your plea,
To me I must own 'tis a riddle ;
Do you mean in the house,
Of a Drum to make use,
Or to plead for our rights with a Fiddle ?

March 14,

Russell's Arithmetic: or, the way to count a Majority.

SAYS *Russell*, I've Potts and I've Finch at my back,
 My cause I shall carry, no doubt.
 If nine and the Mayor are against me, what then?
 They are not worth talking about.
 Besides, ev'ry freeman to me gives his vote,
 Who lives in the country or city,
 And my Letters say, I've all who in London reside,
 Or they cheat me, and that were a pity,
 As I'll teach you to count, you shall quickly perceive,
 I've got the majority hollow;*
 Call them men who will go about roaring with me,
 Call them cyphers, who my music don't follow.

* Vide Mr RUSSELL's Address, dated March 8.



THE Man whom *worth* and honest *talents* raise,
 Is a just object of the public praise;
 And such Sir Robert was, our *Taylor's* Sire—
 But he, the wretch, by pilfering arts grown great,
 *Who has filch'd his own from other men's estate:
 For him at Br—p—h Castle you'll enquire!

Sons of a likeness of their Fathers prove,
 An Eagle springs not from the timorous Dove

* For an explanation of this Line, apply to Mr Ch——m, the Overseer of
 the Parish of M——n, and the V——r of W——d.

March 14.

Injured Merit Vindicated.

'BOUT *cheating* and *blasting* what a fuss have we here?
 From charges like these what has R——l to fear?
 Before the whole world I will make my defence,
 Not doubting a verdict from reason and sense.
 By that BLAST, when a few raggamuffins were kill'd
 My colliery was saved, and my pockets were fill'd,
 And sure you will grant, 'twas a fortunate blow,
 That rais'd these black imps from the regions below.

And

And next, in these dear muddy scenes that delight me,
 You raise up the spectre of C——p——n to fright me.
 You had far better suffer'd in silence, to pass,
 What prov'd me a *Wifeman*—what prov'd him an *A/s*.
 And why about cheating d'ye make such a pother?
 In trade all is fair—we all cheat one another.
 The trumpet of fame has long sounded the praise
 Of a Dutchman, whose pride was a fortune to raise;
 This honest Mynheer, who scorn'd to dissemble,
 When charg'd with a crime at which cowards might tremble,
 Told his Prince (what it tickles my fancy to tell)
 That for *Gold* he would trade with the Devil in Hell.
 Now this our election's a new kind of a trade,
 In which loss and *gain* in my reck'nings are made,
 In courting the smiles of your good Durham Cits,
 I should be an old fool and quite out of my wits,
 To take so much trouble—expend so much pelf,
 Without further *views* for my Son or myself.
 Of Bowels of Mercy, or love to the *Poor*—
 It ill wou'd become ME to boast on that score.
 What though no Subscription is grac'd by my *Name*!
 I refer you to *Midl—ham*—they'll be just to my Fame,
 All those who my *good deads* have felt or have seen,
 Will declare what a NEIGHBOUR I ever have been.

March 14.

TAYLOR FOR EVER!

☞ OBSERVE THE LONDON VOTERS.

SEE with what firmness Freemen will approach,
 Staunch in the business—off, or on the coach,—
 Leave wives and families, yet, without a band,
 True to their trust, bold *Taylor's* friend they stand.
 Tho' coaches, chaises, and the horses clatter,
 Let pelting rain, or some great hailstones patter,
 True to the *Vane* that points to their repose,
 Here they will stop 'till this fine poll will close,
 And then return to London's famous town,
 To speak of *Taylor's* and their own renown,

March 15.

TAYLOR

TAYLOR and TRIM.

CAN this *Harry Vane* the same Jontleman be,
 Who once took a lesson from *Winter and Shee*?
 He seems in an habit of dealing with *stitches*,
 Tho' the last time they touch'd him they tickled his breeches.
 And since he could not be of much other use,
 They prov'd he was turnable into a *goose*.
 Now one might have suppos'd they had giv'n him a nailer,
 And, into the bargain, enough of a *Taylor*:
 Then I cannot conceive why he makes such a pother,
 With a *Taylor* on one side, and *Trim* on the other.

March 15.

Timothy Tickle.

Good Advice to Master Matthew.

RETURN, Oh *Matthew*, to thy wonted rest;
 In slumbers let thy drowsy minutes flow;
 Again let Apathy usurp thy breast,
 Nor Thought molest thee about friend or foe.
 Yes, *Matthew*, be the *thing* by Fate design'd;
 Eat, drink, and dose thy listless life away;
 To others leave the energies of mind,
 And gen'rous deeds in Honour's rugged way.
 Thy indolence, believe me, is thy friend,
 And counsels things which well thy genius fit;
 Bids thee at home thy festive board attend,
 Not *mute*, *unthinking*, in the senate sit.
 Long may'st thou live in health and deep repose,
 Full many a *haunch* and many a turtle eat;
 But if again thou *Taylor* should'st oppose,
 A like reception, *Matthew*, may'st thou meet.

March 17.

The Flight of Independence.

AN ODE.

"The State that strives for Liberty, tho' foil'd,
 "And forc'd t' abandon, what she bravely fought,
 "Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
 "And pity for her loss."

COWPER.

DAMP was the twilight of a cheerless day,
 And bleak the chilling blasts of evening blew,

Where

Where Wears meandering current glides away,
 When *Independence* from its shores withdrew.
 Loose flow'd her tresses, and her robe unbound
 Shew'd near her heart a deep and bleeding wound,
 Inflicted by *Oppression's* ruthless hand,
 Who leagu'd with dire *Corruption*, now usurps the land.

With firm, majestic step, the Goddess mov'd,
 Still gen'rous ardour in her visage glow'd;
 But for her vanquish'd sons, so much belov'd,
 The sympathetic tear of sorrow flow'd:
 But, as the spires of *Durham* disappear'd,
 And riot's hated sounds were faintly heard,
 She turn'd once more to take a parting view,
 And thus address'd the glorious *independent few*:

- " Adieu, my friends; tho' now oblig'd to fly,
 " Think not I meanly can desert your cause:
 " I go to plead that injur'd cause on high,
 " And crown your noble efforts with applause.
 " The tools of power, who, now exulting, soar,
 " Shall undermine your sacred rights no more;
 " Nor you be govern'd by the *servile tribe*,
 " Whom *venal hopes*, and specious *promises* can bribe.
 " With dauntless courage, and heroic zeal,
 " Again your virtuous *Russell* shall return;
 " And, justly anxious for the public weal,
 " The fordid slaves of faction's party spurn.
 " Tho' *pois'nous Calumny* attempts to stain
 " The lustre of your deeds, she strives in vain;
 " For radiant *Truth* shall finally prevail,
 " And late posterity, with joy, recite the tale."

March 19

A Friend to Liberty.

To the unbiass'd Freemen of the City of Durham.

DESPAIR, my dear friends, shall ne'er enter my mind;
 Tho' *Taylor* the lead took, we are not far behind.
 Our *Russell* is worthy, is good, and is free,
 And promises after with us to agree;
 His spirit and mind are for Freedom the same,
 He'll guard you for e'er on the wings of true fame.

If *Taylor* once beat us, he can say no more ;
 'Tis not such a thing as ne'er happen'd before ;
 For many good horses oft lose the first heat,
 But by the same creature can't after be beat :
 Then let us with freedom now start him again,
 And the second that wins will be first in the main.

April 1.

A Freeman.





S O N G S.

The Birth of a Parliament-Man.

To the Tune of "ROBIN HOOD."

YE Ladies and ye Gentlemen,
Your ear awhile I beg,
'Till I can shew a senator
Was born out of an egg.

You've heard of *Robin Taylor*,
A mason good was he,
And rais'd from brick, and lime, and stone,
Full many a good penny.

Robin had cash, and soon, I wist,
Sir Robert he became;
But cash and knighthood cannot give
An heir for cash and name.

No children blest *Sir Robert*,
Nor ought had he, to gain
His evening thoughts from care and noise,
And planning, but a hen.

A hen there was, of plumage black,
With wattles red and clear,
That sat *Sir Robert's* parlour in,
His elbow chair so near.

Sole solace of his leisure hours,
True was she to the knight;
Nor ever gamecock rivall'd him,
And took with her delight.

F

But

But never from Platonic love
 Was known an heir to rise :
 So still the knight was left some way
 To get one to devise.

Then up and spake a wife woman :

“ Tho’ thou art all unfit,
 “ Sir Knight, from this thy goodly hen
 “ Some lineage to beget ;

“ There are, who fell within this town
 “ Of eggs both good and sound :
 “ Then one beneath thy partner dear
 “ Place thou upon the ground :

“ From her shall thus a sprig arise,
 “ To her perfections heir ;
 “ So like her, as he struts along,
 “ That all the folk shall stare.”

Sir Robin took from out his fob
 One piece of copper coin,
 Which at the huckster’s shop they do
 An halfpenny define.

Sir Robin told his fat scullion
 Forthwith an egg to buy ;
 For he was bent, cost what it would,
 Thus for an heir to try.

The egg was bought, the egg was laid
 Full close to Partlet’s rump ;
 And all the tedious time she sat
Sir Bob was in a dump.

But scarcely three short weeks were o’er,
 When Partlet did produce
 A youth,—in figure like herself,
 In wisdom like a goose.

A NEW SONG.

Tune———“ HEARTS OF OAK.”

COME cheer up, my lads, ’tis to Freedom we steer,
 Let’s add something great to our transient career ;

Let’s

Let's join hand and heart to oppose the sly knaves,
Whose wish is to treat us no better than slaves.

CHORUS.

'Gainst *Taylor* and *Vane*
Our rights we'll maintain,
Nor sordidly barter
Our noble old charter,

For present enjoyments, or prospects of gain.

They thought to have taken us all by surprise;
But such sneaking efforts we justly despise,
And, true to our feelings, resolve, to a man,
To defeat their uncandid nefarious plan.

Let *Harry*, ungrateful, creep out like a mole;
But *Michael* shall never creep in at his hole;
For who shall succeed him is ours to direct,
And *Russell's* the man we resolve to elect.

Like Winyard they would us entail to their race,
And each lovely trait of our Freedom efface;
But, scorning their arts, we resolve to be free,
And *Russell's* success shall confirm the decree.

Thus shall we deserve the high title we bear,
And thus the rich fruits of sweet Liberty share;
While each, self acquitted, triumphant shall sing,
Brave *Russell* for ever, and God save the King!

Philip Fairplay.

An excellent NEW SONG,

To the Tune of "PADDY WHACK."

WHY what's all this hurry, this bother and tantrum,
Because *Michael Angelo Taylor's* come down?
Because *Harry Vane* has good quarters in Antrim,
And scorns any longer to sit for a Town,

Then come and shout Michael Angelo Taylor!
Then come and holla for Lambton and Vane!
They'll take care of Durham that nothing should ail her,
And somewhere or other a Member obtain.

Lord bless us, what pains they must take for the City,
To go such a way for a Member to chair;

That they fought at a distance, I vow 'tis a pity,
 They might meet with a fool without going so far,
Then come, &c.

This *Michael's* a patriot and politician,
 And many folk call him the *Chicken* of law ;
 Tho' he thinks he was born for the State a physician,
 And cares not for Pitt or for Grenville a flaw.
Then come, &c.

They say he's a Jew, but that signifies nothing,
 He's a smart little present from *Lambton* and *Vane* ;
 We may writhe and make mouths and reject him with loathing,
 Were he worse than he is we must gulp him again,
Then come, &c.

You may think it is odd these fellows should rule us,
 And make such a Pagod our Member by force ;
 I'll tell you, they know very well how to fool us,
 And we may thank God that our case is not worse.
Then come, &c.

A great while ago there was *Lambton* and *Tempest*,
 Who knew what was what, and the right from the left ;
 So they stood for our fathers, and some how got them fast,
 And we of our voting, they say, are bereft.
Then come, &c.

It is thus that the City, the Hounds, and the Races,
 Go down like an heir-loom from father to son ;
 And Eden he tells us to know our due places,
 And never pretend to a will of our own.
Then come, &c.

An excellent NEW SONG.

Tune,——“HEARTS OF OAK.”

COME rouse, Brother Freemen, and lend us a voice,
 To prove that we still have our franchise and choice ;
 For Freedom we rise, and your suffrage we claim ;
 No more let us crouch, and be slaves to a name.

Free Electors we were, free Electors we'll be ;

We'll always be ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

To prove that in spite of oppression we're free.

No stop-gap is *Russell*, the feat to secure
 'Till an infant in faction and age is mature;
 No name does he carry, like *Vane* in his fob,
 To tack to his own, to inveigle "a mob."

Free Electors we were, &c.

What comforts did *Russell* enjoy, when the foe,
 With his flat-bottom'd boats, aim'd a desperate blow?
 In the Camp and the Barrack he toil'd for our good,
 Nor e'er saw his home till the French were subdu'd.

Free Electors we've been, &c.

What is *Taylor* to us? was he born in the North?
 Has the Camp or the Barrack e'er known of his worth?
 If we choofe him, 'tis odds that *Sir Harry* may doom
 That our Member should next be a Gamecock or Groom.

Free Electors we've been, &c.

This *Taylor* he pecks at the State and the Law,
 And seeks (but in vain) in each measure a flaw;
 Independence, in *Russell*, and Loyalty meet,
 And he blames not a law, but the law *not to treat*.

Free Electors we've been, &c.

Our *Russell* we've try'd in the toils of the war,
 For us, that he dangers and labours can bear;
 At hand, while he lives, all our rights to defend,
 The poor to relieve, and the weak to befriend.

Free Electors we've been, &c.

The chance that is your's will not offer again,
 To break thro' the bondage of *Lambton* and *Vane*:
 By the choice of the day you must always abide;
 Be Slaves—or be Freemen—'tis your's to decide!

Free Electors we've been, &c.

The Adventures of a little Cock Chicken,

As related by himself.

Tune,—"Bow, wow, wow."

COME listen, ye poultry of each appellation,
 And hence learn to live with content in your station;
 For, tir'd of my walk, and its pride-galling fetters,
 I pertly resolved to roost with my betters.

Cock a doodle doo, fal lal de riddy iddy,

Cock a doodle doo.

So bidding adieu to my dunghill-bred kin, Sirs,
I plied at St. Stephen's, and soon flutter'd in, Sirs;
Where, strange to relate, I collegu'd with a Fox, Sirs,
And crow'd, right or wrong, with the Jacobin Cock, Sirs,
Cock a doodle doo, &c.

Then I being active, and fond of employ, Sirs,
At times took the part of a duck to decoy, Sirs;
'Till at last being found of a faction the tool, Sirs,
Some Dorsetshire ducks drove me out of the Pool, Sirs,
Cock a doodle doo, &c.

And now being left unawares in the lurch, Sirs,
I scratch'd thro' some dirt to an ignoble perch, Sirs;
But, not being able to bear my disgrace, Sirs,
I lately petition'd a goose for his place, Sirs,
Cock a doodle doo, &c.

When he, being leagu'd with a fair Irish minion,
And standing regardless of public opinion,
Agreed to forsake both his country and friends, Sirs,
And so to encourage my finisler ends, Sirs,
Cock a doodle doo, &c.

But the cocks, for whose int'rest this goose was engag'd, Sirs,
At his baseness and folly are justly enrag'd, Sirs;
And while he proclaims them both low bred and tame, Sirs,
They wisely resolve to approve themselves game, Sirs,
Cock a doodle doo, &c.

While Freedom (they say) does her privilege grant 'em,
They'll ne'er be the dupes of an ambitious Bantam:
So I on my low rotten perch must remain, Sirs,
And finally die quite devoted to Pain, Sirs,
Cock a doodle doo, &c.

SONG,

To the Tune of "MAGGIE LAUDER."

SO Major Russell's come to town,
With charity transcendent,
All to support the Freeman's right,
And shew them independent?

But

But Freeman, if they only *think*,
Can never be such ninnies,
To think their independence shew a,
By pocketing his guineas.

This Major once a soldier was,
But thought it too much trouble;
And tho' his country's still at war,
He tipp'd them all the double:
In puzzling periods such as this,
Of War and State intriguing,
As studying your interests,
A duty less fatiguing.

Now should you *Willy's* son elect,
And he should find it trouble,
On you a like trick he may play,
And tip you all the double.
But oft your independent rights
Your *Lambtons* have defended;
And *Tempest* too, with equal zeal,
Your glorious cause attended.

His grandson, on the self-same ground,
Your kind assistance seeks, Sirs,
And with you means to live, to know
The men for whom he speaks, Sirs.
The antient int'rest then support,
To it you owe your votes, Sirs,
Nor let the Brancepath-castle Gold,
Cram Russell down your throats, Sirs.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "RULE BRITANNIA."

WHEN Freedom first, at Wisdom's call,
Arriv'd in this high favour'd Isle;
This was the heart-felt Song of all,
And Heav'n confirm'd it with a smile.

Live, fair Freedom, live and reign,
Britons scorn Oppression's Chain.

And

And when, by just and gen'rous Laws,
 She fix'd on each elective Corps;
 From godlike reason burst applause,
 This joyous strain from shore to shore.
 Live, fair Freedom, &c.

But when her precious boon she brought
 To Wear's delightful banks, her pride;
 These were the precepts that she taught,
 And thus our Fathers then reply'd,
 Live, fair Freedom, &c.

" Should force or fraud, in end the same,
 " Attempt to rob you of my dow'r;
 " Prove yourselves worthy of my Name,
 " And shield it with each vital pow'r."
 Live, fair Freedom, &c.

And faithful were our hardy Sires,
 Then let not Gold corrupt our Hearts,
 But let's arouse their dormant fires,
 And act again their noble parts.
 Live, fair Freedom, &c.

Let Bribery and it's Agents meet
 The awful fate they both deserve;
 Let them be hurl'd to Plutus' Feet,
 And there for everlasting serve.
 Live, fair Freedom, &c.

Let gen'rous *Russell* find us true,
 In hand and heart, in heart and voice:
 Let's give the honest Man his due,
 And conscious Peace shall crown our Choice.
 Live, fair Freedom, &c.

Philip Fairplay.

S O N G.

To the Tune of "the CAT and the FIDDLE."

SING hi! diddle, diddle,
 Here's silly Tom Liddell,
 With swaggering Hal goes about;
 There's Milbanke so rosy,
 And Windlestone's nosy,
 All helping to make a great Rout.

Then comes (most deeply learn'd) with solemn gait,
Great Williamson, eternal Sheriff, all in State.

These Baronets bold,
You needs must be told,
Are supporting a South Country *Chick*;
He's a Chick of renown,
Come to canvas your Town,
But I think friends we'll play them a trick
Nor let these proud usurpers guide your choice,
Support your neighbour then with heart and voice.

There's poor Tommy Bowes,
Must put in *his* nose,
Such Judges of Wit are these Wights;
Even dull "*Dicky Babble*,"
Makes one of the "*Rabble*,"
And the scurrilous Hand Bill indites.

Freemen chuse *Russell*! let *them* rack their Brains,
And let these worthies take their labour for their pains.

CHORUS.

Sing Babble and Liddell,
And Liddell and Babble,
And Rosy and Nofy,
And poor Tommy Bowfy,
And all this fine Rabble,
Are come to oppose ye.

The Voters of 1800.

ATTEND ye loyal Freemen all,
Of Durham's ancient City,
Come and attend your country's call;
The candidates are witty.
And a voting we will go, &c.

There's pretty *Michael Angelo*.
Who promises so fine,
That he will come and live with you.
And treat you with good wine.

Your country's safety is at stake,
Be cautious in your choice;

G

Ne'er

Ne'er countenance a Foxite,
Let merit have your voice.

For loyalty to our king,
Matt Russell is the man;
He will support your city's rights,
And do the best he can.

He's served you truly in the war,
With steady hand and heart;
Elect him, you will be his care,
And from you never part.

Then join me honest voters,
And let us drink and sing
To *Russell* and the coal trade,
Success, God bless the King.
And a voting we will go, &c.

The Good Ship Russell.

Tune of "RICHMOND HILL."

BE not daunted brother Freemen all,
By the *Tempest* that is rais'd,
But stand firmly to the *Russell's* call,
Now she is close engaged;
Nor let the Lords or Knights allure,
Or take your virtue from you,
But keep your independence sure,
Now a *Russell* calls upon you, &c.

For a *Tempest* wants to overwhelm,
By having great alliance,
But still keep virtue at the helm,
Then hold them at defiance:
For a *Taylor* by a *Tempest* blown,
Is floating on the river,
But Freemen always virtue own,
And *Russell* call for ever, &c.

May all good Freemen then rejoice,
Upon the day selected,
And shout with universal voice,
A *Russell* is elected.

May she with independence reign,
And outfail the *Taylor's* honour;
May the good Ship *Russell* close the scene,
And a blessing rest upon her, &c.

The Beggars on Horseback.

An Excellent Old Song.

AS General Jackoo's great Agents were walking
Arm in Arm, they were heard to each other thus talking:
Quoth Duke, "popularity's left us, G—d damn her,"
Then says Spindle, "by G—d we'll lay on the great Hammer."

From such Men as these, such Threats scarce surpise us,
'Tis natural, or else the old Proverb belies us;
Instead of being humble, and modest, and civil,
When Beggars mount Horses, they'll ride to the Devil.

From his promise for them sure no Voter would 'swerve,
But treat them with all the contempt they deserve;
And thus for the insolence take satisfaction
Of these tools of the tools of a desperate faction.

BRITANNIA'S CHOICE.

Tune,—"ONCE THE GODS OF THE GREEKS."

THE Genius of Britain, not long ago, made
A tour thro' her ample domain;
Attendants on her were both Freedom and Fame,
And of Virtues a numerous train.
Escorted by these, she Plenty and Peace
Along with her blessing did bring,
Resolving to see if her sons were still free,
And true to their Country and King.
At length the fair Goddess, along with her train,
Arriv'd at the banks of the Wear:
"I'll fix, (cry'd the Goddess, quite charm'd with the place)
"For some time my residence here."——
"At this part of the isle (Freedom said with a smile)
"They're choosing a Senator free;
"But search where they can, will they find out a man
"More proper than *Taylor* can be?"

" Not one (cry'd Britannia) has genius and worth
 " To balance what *Taylor* can claim ;
 " Of my fair sister Freedom a favourite is he,
 " He has virtues too numerous to name.
 " Then Fame thy voice raise, to sound forth his praise ;
 " So his name may all Britons revere ;
 " And their rights may he guard, and still merit reward
 " From the banks of my favourite Wear."

Then Fame soon assembled the sons of the place,
 And, pointing to *Taylor*, said she,
 " If for freedom and honour a Member you'd choose,
 " Then let my lov'd *Taylor* be he.
 " He'll boldly oppose sweet Liberty's foes,
 " His actions will ever be just ;
 " No longer you'll blame one chosen by Fame,
 " Who'll ever be true to his trust."

As soon as Fame ended, the wondering crowd
 Of *Taylor* re-echoing rung ;
 The woods and the dales did his praises resound,
 And *Taylor's* on every tongue.
 " No longer will we in servitude be,"
 The Freeman all cry'd, to a man ;
 " His worth we all know ; we're determin'd to shew
 " That Freedom alone is our plan."

Then rose with a smile, Britannia so fair :
 " I'm charm'd, my dear sons, to behold
 " That your hearts and your spirits so noble, (said she)
 " Do equal your fathers of old.
 " And, *Taylor*, be you independent, and true
 " To your King and your Country dear ;
 " And e'er whilst you live, due gratitude give
 " To the banks of my favourite Wear."

Juvenis.

TRUE BLUE.

IT happen'd one day, two cocks of a feather,
 Both met on a dunghill, in Durham together :
 The one was a Shagbag, of full six pounds weight ;
 The other a Chicken, nothing near half the weight.

The

The Chicken with wonder the Shagbag survey'd,
The more he look'd at him the less was afraid ;
And, clapping his wings, began for to crow,
Crying—Lord, I ne'er saw such a Shagbag as you.

The Shagbag, enrag'd at this impudent Chicken,
Said, " Pray leave my dunghill, or you'll get a licking.
" But, first, little Chick, pray let me advise
" You to quietly go, for I'm full twice your size."

Sir Harry and *Russell* by chance saw the 'bout,
Agreed that on Tuesday they should fight it out.
Sir Harry declar'd he the Chicken would handle ;
And *Russell* grew bold, and his Shagbag did dandle.

The Cocks they were spurr'd, and the Company met ;
Even betting at starting, five shillings the pit.
Sir Harry slipp'd into a jacket of blue ;
Billy whipt off his coat ready for a set to.

Then at it they went, tumbling one over t'other ;
Sometimes Shagbag had it, but mostly the other :
'Till Chicken he struck both his spurs thro' his jaw,
Chopt Shagbag—so he was told out by the law.

The Chicken is strong in his legs and his thighs,
With the powers of an Eagle, compar'd to his size ;
His breast it is broad, and his feathers coal-black,
Rosy gills, and sharp beak, and a fine satin back.

The Shagbag, a dun—bloody, hackel'd and loose,
Comb and chollers uncut, and a rump like a goose :
But how he was bred we none of us know,
Or his fort ever fam'd for a family blow.

Little David indeed got a wonderful name ;
With a sling and a stone he Goliath o'ercame :
No wonder a Chicken, when blood was so true,
Should fight for a dunghill that smok'd all true blue.

Ye Freemen of Durham, I'd have you beware,
Nor e'er trust a *Castle* that's built in the air ;
No longer shall *Russell* either laugh, sing, or caper,
When his guineas are gone, and his *Castle's* all vapour.

Then

Then fill up your glasses, and chearfully drink
The old *true blue interest*, and from it ne'er shrink.
May the Freeman of Durham from *Lambton* ne'er sever,
And the mem'ry of *Tempest* in *Taylor* for ever!

ELECTION SONG.

To the tune of "A' THAT."

O, *TAYLOR*! ha'd your gabbling tongue,
Nae mair sic nonsense bla', man;
Baith rich and poor, baith auld and young,
Are tir'd to hear you jaw, man.

And a' man, and a' man,
Your mickle friends and a' man,
Shall ne'er compel a man that's free
To vote against the law, man.

The wee few words that *Ruffell* spak
Won mony a loud huzza, man;
But you, for a' the din you mak,
Was hifs'd and scorn'd and a', man.

And a' man, and a' man,
Your knights and 'squires and a' man;
Tho' big they strut, and four they look,
Still *Ruffell* bangs them a', man.

Brave Wharton rose like Cicero,
Demosthenes and a', man;
Gave *Ruffell*'s foes sic deadly blows,
Guid faith he made them fa', man.

And a' man, and a' man,
Sir Harry Vane and a', man;
And *Eden*'s pride was forc'd to bend,
And own he'd made a flaw, man.

Baker weel for mischief kenn'd,
In ilka town and ha', man,
He did his hand to mischief lend,
Then sware he'd keep the law, man.

And

And a' man, and a' man,
There's Billy Hoar and a', man,
Whose weary tales, at sessions time,
Does judge and jury sta', man.

Poor *Harry* shook like aspen-leaves,
As in the wind they blaw, man;
His face distorts, his bosom heaves—
Does nought but hum and haw, man.

And a' man, and a' man,
His *speech* was writ and a', man,
And in his *hat* tho' snugly put,
He had nae skill to say, man.

Let us, my independent friends,
Maintain our rights and laws, man,
And vote the way our conscience tends,
Then *Russell* has us a', man.

And a' man, and a man,
Our neighbour, friend and a', man;
Send *Taylor* back from whence he came—
There let him spend his jaw, man.

A NEW SONG.

Tune,—“To ANACREON in HEAV'N.”

TO *Russell* the graceful, the virtuous, the brave,
The true Sons of Liberty sent a Petition,
That he from Oppression their Charter would save,
When this answer arriv'd from that worthy Patrician,

“Come, come to my Heart,

“And never depart,

“Your wounds are my own, and I cherish the smart;

“Tho' num'rous, tho' active, tho' fierce are your Foes,

“Their cruel intention I'm glad to oppose.

The News in an Instant was caught by loud Fame,
Who widely proclaim'd it in Freedom's domain;
Yes, Albion resounded with gen'rous Acclaim,
And *Russell* for ever was Liberty's strain.

Fair .

Fair Justice was charm'd,
 But Oppression alarm'd,
 And with Threats, Bribes, and Flatt'ry immediately arm'd,
 Resolving by these and each dirty Design,
 To crush the Supporters of Liberty's Shrine.
 But *Russell* of Truth the bright armour assum'd,
 His troop that of Freemen, asserting their right;
 And thus, with deserv'd popularity plum'd,
 They long with Oppression continu'd to fight.
 But his weapons unfair,
 Flew so thick in the air,
 That Liberty's sons now began to despair,
 When *Russell*, brave *Russell*, determin'd to yield,
 And, with Honour supported, march'd out of the field.
 And, as he withdrew, to his legion he said,
 "Tho' vanquish'd, my friends, we're not tarnish'd with shame;
 "To records celestial our deeds shall be sped,
 "And bring a fresh curse on Oppression's foul name.
 "Then wisely agree,
 "Yet resolve to be free,
 "And should you incline to be headed by me,
 "I'll still be the Champion of Liberty's laws,
 "For *Russell* will never desert a good cause."

Philip Fairplay.

FINIS.